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[Vol. 2]

University
Archives

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Archives
01

FINALLY
EDITION

Daily Planetoike



Price - Non cents

WEATHER — ?

SKULE NIGHT SKULE NIGHT 7T9 IN PERIL

TORONTO - She stepped from the shower as the moonlight reflected off the soft drops of moisture falling from her sensuous shoulders. They carried her firm but supple young breasts. An unexpected breeze from an open window pushed aside the sheer curtains and surrounded her naked body, drying the last traces of water and causing her nipples to stand at attention. She shuddered involuntarily and glided across the room to the bedroom door. He was already feverish with lust as he propelled her forward and down onto the bed: Their bodies throbbed as one; he accelerated at the soft sound of her helpless moaning. Biting his earlobe gently she whispered, "Is it true they're going to rob the Box Office?"

Yes it was true! It all began when a mild-mannered reporter for the Daily Planetoike discovered a dying man singing "Hey Mr. Tally Man, Tally me banana. Load the Bic Banana 'cause I wanna go home." As it was not Harry Belafonte lying in the street, our reporter suspected something was afoot. He was to uncover one of the most hideous plots of all time!

It started with the renewal of the relationship between the nonexistent B.F.C. Chief and Mario, of Mario's Bakery International, Newark, New Jersey. The nefarious mind of Mario conceived the plan and commenced by merging his financial empire with "Fruit of the Loom". When he discovered that this company produced underwear rather than fruit he destroyed their factories and bought out the Banananana Banana Co. The only thing he still needed to complete his plan, besides a vast quantity of bananas was a equally vast quantity of beer. He went to the only source available—his cohorts, the B.F.C.—and the scheme was rolling. They mixed the beer and bananas into a homogeneous mixture and devised a way to spread it on

the sidewalk outside of the Hart House Theatre Box Office. Mario had set dynamite around the SAC office and had planned to blow it up as a diversionary tactic. When the audience rushed from the theatre in panic, Mario would grab all of the box office receipts.

However, the forces of good had not been idle all this time. Horticultural Man has discovered the banana scandal. Batman has been brooding over the beerless breweries in every borough. Thus, our Superheroes might arrive on front campus in the nick of time to triumph over the forces of evil. Maybe they'll get there just after SAC has been blown sky high, but before Mario absconds with the money. But, no matter what happens, these characters and many more will be featured in SKULE NITE 7T9 at Hart House Theatre on February 28 and March 1, 2, and 3. Be there at 8:30 P.M. to discover the conclusion of this terrifying tale. Get your tickets at the Stores or the Hart House Box Office. Cost: only \$3.00 or \$3.50.



A devious deal



Adequate Guy and Horticulture Man take a break

New Engineering club to form

The formation of WASPESA (the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant Engineering Students' Association) was announced last Friday. The new President, John Smith, said it was time that WASP students had a chance to maintain their unique cultural heritage, which he claimed was "in danger of being totally engulfed by the University's diverse stream of life".

"WASP students need a place to go and relax, and to be among their own," secretary Mary Jones added. "WASPESA wants to provide a familiar atmosphere, one where the students can feel at home."

The club will be located in a wing of the Faculty Club, with limited additional facilities in Simcoe Hall. Members will have a chance to slip into their traditional gray flannel gear before they enjoy such traditional WASP delicacies as single and double martinis.

HELP!

You think it's easy making a newspaper? Well it isn't. It involves the tireless and devoted labors of a loyal staff, staff we don't have.

We need crazy people! That's right, if you've been locked up at least once (or even barely), then you qualify to work on the Toike staff. We need people to work the darkroom, do deliveries, and so on. We need some real honey to get out there and chase down ads. We guarantee your pay doubled every month. Come on up to the Toike office at noon and check it out. Find your place on the Moosehead.

GAPED BLUNDER STUNS CITY

PART I

The crimson red sun of the Krypton solar system rose slowly, but erratically, in the sky, daring back and forth, flickering on and off, and even changing colours as morning struggled to begin on Krypton. After some hours, the morning, totally fatigued, gave up and afternoon occurred.

The chipboard and plywood city of Kryptonopolis glowed an eerie red and slowly began to smoulder as the sun, still playing ridiculous games, came within fifty yards of the surface.

Slightly below in a courtroom, Krypton's least stable, yet highly disrespected and most undesirable scientist stood trial for unethical experimentation.

In the defendant's chair, Jerk-ov wiped his brow as the temperature in the courtroom jokingly climbed to 450 degrees. The judge and jury struggled to keep from fainting.

"Jerk-ov," the judge began, "you are alleged to have used two city blocks of innocent Kryptonians for your radiation experiments..."

"So?" Jerk-ov returned, picking his nose seductively.

"Idiot," the judge snapped, angered by Jerk-ov's remark. "You never asked for permission."

"They'd never have agreed," he answered.

"Just look at the results of your work," the judge said. "This wretched soul was sitting quietly with his family eating din-

ner, when he suddenly mutated into a slug and was consequently sprayed to death by a can of Raid. And behold this family...every single one of them sank tap roots into the ground and started sprouting fruit!"

"Sorry," Jerk-ov said, stifling a yawn. Then, hinking his leg and ripping a fart, he said "Christ, it's stale in here... I'm off for a walk." Calmly walking out of the courtroom, he picked an apple off the plaintiff and left.

Later that day, Jerk-ov's home suddenly burst aflame as a test rocket carrying a single horrified passenger screaming hysterically blazed into outer space.

"That brave, fortu nate soul..." Jerk-ov reflected, "winging his way to orbit forever around that newly-formed supernova, leaving us to perish like animals on our dying world."

At that moment, his strangely beautiful, yet legless wife, Lay-ov, wheeled herself into the smoking wreckage of the living room.

"Can't you find some better place to launch your goddam rockets from, instead of our bloody living room?" she howled, emptying her urine bag in his face.

"And stop taking innocent people off the streets for your test subjects, you asshole," she threatened, bending a titanium rod over his skull. "You're liable to hurt someone!"

"But, my darling," Jerk-ov returned, bleeding profusely. "It's in the interests of science! This planet is going to explode.

If not today, tomorrow afternoon almost for sure. Well, either tomorrow or this weekend. But next month, definitely. According to my calculations..."

"Calculations?" she snarled. "You call that infantile conglomeration of idiotic scribbling calculations? I could show you the same number of fingers three times and you'd give me a different answer each time."

"Dearest Lay-ov, that's not true..."

"Okay, vacuum head, how many fingers am I holding up?"

"M! No, P. Wait...or is M a letter? I always mix those up."

"Look, shit-brains, last year you predicted that Krypton was going to melt. Then you said freeze over. After that, it would stop revolving and fall into the sun. Then it was supposed to evaporate. You know, the Sacred Council of Elders thinks you're fucking crazy."

"This time I'm almost positive," Jerk-ov said defensively. Just then, their son Fuk-ov popped his head through the wall, cracking huge chunks of plaster out of it.

"Whore...I mean, Mom? Can I have another gerbil to play with? This one's way to flat, and it won't move anymore," Fuk-ov said, bringing his manner down on the frail rodent's skull a final time, forever imprinting its outline on a blood-stained floor.

"Oh, you little scamp!" his mother said with ill-concealed pride. "You're just like your father. Deranged, but lovable, in a hideous, appalling sort of way."

"I'm sorry, my son," Jerk-ov answered, "but those brave, fortunate creatures gave up their lives in my centrifuge experiments. The poor little bastards nearly tolerated fourteen million gs before degenerating into a black hole. I'm not sure why I did that experiment, but I collected lots of data," he added.

"Well, dad, can I play with mom, then? I know she hasn't been the same since you blew off her abdomen, but I need a backstop for the javelin throw," Fuk-ov said.

"Sure thing," Jerk-ov replied, upending the wheelchair.

"Oh, thanks dad!" Fuk-ov said happily, "C'mon mom, let's play seal hunt!" he shouted, seizing a spiked club and beating her senseless with it. "That's my boy!" his father said proudly, as Fuk-ov grabbed a harpoon gun and fired it into her buttocks.

"See ya, Dad, I'll be home for supper," he said, dragging his mom out the door as she flailed around like a wounded tuna. Jerk-ov watched his son toboggan down the gravel face of the mountain on his mother, finding it hard not to smile.

"What wonderful boy!" he wondered, jumping into the oven for a quick nap.

Later that day, Krypton failed to explode, right on time. Early the next morning, Jerk-ov was summoned once again before the court to answer charges



Cont on p2

Cont. from p 1

of Public Mischief and Bestiality. Dispensing with the trial, the judge ordered Jerk-ov to be banished to the Phantom Zone forever.

"Jerk-ov, it is only fitting that your own invention sentence you to your doom," the judge said ironically, pointing to the Phantom Zone ray gun that Jerk-ov had developed to help collect fends for his research.

"Come before the bench," the judge ordered. "Now, Jerk-ov..." And he did, all over the judge. Gaping slack-jawed, slime dripping off his face, the judge sat speechless as Jerk-ov holstered "The Pride of Krypton."

"Have you any last words?" the judge garbled, as the viscous mass enveloping his head started hardening.

"If it please the court, I'd like to make a prediction," Jerk-ov said. The entire courtroom lunged at his throat. However, a single shake of his zipper stopped everyone in their tracks.

"Krypton...for the first time in years, will definitely not explode this afternoon!" he shouted, shaking his pulsating sceptre at the crowd. Panic followed silence as everyone in the courtroom hastened home to say their goodbyes.

Jerk-ov, evidently cleared of the charges, sauntered home unimpeded. His musings were drowned out by the deafening screeches of over-worked bedsprings as the entire population of Krypton said an orgasmic goodbye.

Once at home, Jerk-ov heard the sound of another of his "experimental" test rockets being readied for take-off. In the next room, his son Fuk-ov suited up for his intended space voyage.

"My son, whither goest thou?" Jerk-ov asked diddically.

"Remember, dad?" You said Krypton is safe, so I'm bugging off."

"But, Fuk-ov..."

"I'm trying to..."

"Krypton will be safe for a thousand years!" As he spoke these words, a huge crack in the planet opened up between

his feet, suddenly racing off in both directions at thousands of miles per hour. "Maybe not a thousand years," Jerk-ov said, tearing out the "Fridge" and banging at the biggest orifice of his life. Fuk-ov fucked off in the nick of time, amidst the crescendo of frantic goodbyes.

Glancing backwards as he left, he saw the entire planet straining to explode. Failing this, it attempted to implode, but finally settled on just cracking in half.

"Die, sucker!" Fuk-ov screamed, as everything he had ever known (and violated) fractured limply into two pieces.

As he settled in for his long voyage, he was passed at high speeds by an earth vessel carting a baby Kryptonwards. It just managed to land as both halves of the planet were sucked into the sun.

The long years passed idly by, and the computer aboard his ship struggled valiantly to provide the vast, limitless, and sacred information of the universe. This was made incredibly difficult for the machine as Fuk-ov incessantly creamed into every orifice.

Eventually, however, the tiny craft was captured in the earth's gravitational embrace and sent hurtling groundward like a flaming meteorite towards the sleepy little hamlet of Swillville.

Screaming mercilessly over the surface of the town, it decimated an orphanage, church and old folk's home, but narrowly missed the sprawling five acre warehouse complex at the end of the street.

"Thank the lord for minor miracles!" Reverend Vaginal-stuff said piously, doing up his zipper.

"Baaah," bleated his satiated partner.

Finally tumbling to a stop, the craft came to rest in the front yard of the kindly old Kunt homestead. Stopping in mid-meal, aging, crippled old Harry Kunt put down his placenta pie and looked annoyed out the front window. Picking amnion from between his teeth, he dug up his long deceased wife.

"Will ya lookit that?" Harry said, pointing his lifeless wife at the craft. Grabbing a crowbar, he went outside and split the capsule open.

"Christ, there's nothing but cum in here!" Harry said, wiping his hands. At that instant, out of the capsule popped Fuk-ov, licking his fingers and belching repeatedly. Before Harry could foam at the mouth and cough up blood, Fuk-ov spotted a two thousand pound Heifer by

the barn. Racing over, he snapped the cow off its feet and took a huge frothing bite out of its head. The horrified animal struggled wildly as the alien abattoir devoured it whole in a matter of moments.

"Healthy appetite," Harry noted alarmedly, as he watched Fuk-ov reach up the bones, hair and hooves. In the act of self-preservation, Harry offered the little bastard a horse chaser.

In only a few minutes, his prize Clydesdale was reduced to its basic proteins.

"Shit, I was hungry!" Fuk-ov blurted, still licking his fingers.

"You from outer space, kid?" Harry asked, as Fuk-ov ripped the axle out of a nearby truck and started gnawing on it.

"Yep, sure am," he answered.

"You eat like a fucking pig," Harry said. "By the way...you gotta name?"

"Fuk-ov."

"Smartass little clitt, aren't ya?" Harry snarled. Then, for the first time in years, an idea trickled through Harry's brain!

"You kin be my son, if you like. Me and most of ma would be real proud to have ya, seeing as our only child was sent to Krypton in a rocket," Harry said.

"And we'll call you Clit Kunt; whaddya say?"

"Sure," Fuk-ov said, suddenly eyeing a field full of goats. Feeling the munchies, he raced off. From that day on, the

Kryptonian moulinex was raised just like any other earth child (that ate cows raw).

Finally, school time rolled around. On his first day, Fuk-ov raped the teacher, bugged the principal, ate the school mascot, and literally kicked the team quarterback to the moon.

"How was school?" Harry asked, upon his son's return.

"Shitty. The mascot made me vomit," he answered.

"Want some dinner?" Harry asked, chucking his wife into a pan.

"No. It's time to leave. I'm going to the North Pole. And don't try to follow me either," Fuk-ov said, suddenly desirous of seeking his destiny.

"Okay. Bye son," Harry said, pouring some gravel into his stew.

"And just so you won't die before I see you again, I'll kill you right now!" Fuk-ov said, suddenly transforming Harry into a gigantic tumour with his 1,000,000 kV X-ray eyes.

Stepping outside the door, he turned and said, "Die, house," instantly barbecuing it to a cinder with his heat vision.

Then, reaching city limits, he turned smilingly and said "Die, Swillville," reducing the entire town to no more than a stain on the earth's crust. Stiffing a chuckle, he turned northward for the pole.

End of Part One.



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Buffalo is really beautiful at this time of year.

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SAC ELECTIONS '79

Nominations will be accepted from February 12 until March 2 at noon for the positions of:

President and two Vice-presidents (on a ticket)
and fifty-eight Directors on
the SAC Board of Directors.

For information and nomination forms go to any of the four SAC Information outlets.



Election Days:
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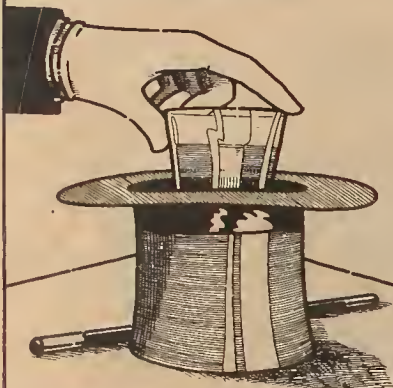
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Artistic wishes to meet attractive, sophisticated canine with own cottage. Send photo and phone no.—b0x 694

ENG. SOC. ELECTIONS

March 8 and 9

WANTED:

Candidates for:
President (8TO)
Vice President: Administration
Vice President: Activities
Treasurer
Secretary

It's time to start considering what you can do for the Engineering Society in 1979-80, and what it can do for you. All undergraduate engineering students are eligible to seek office. A brief description of each office is provided below, however, bear in mind that the individual makes the position by his degree of involvement and commitment.
President

The job of President is largely administrative. He is ultimately responsible for seeing that the Society functions effectively. The President represents the Eng. Soc. in all external affairs (e.g. Eng. Alumni Association). Leadership and organizational qualities and the ability to delegate work are valuable in this role. Experience with the Eng. Soc. would be an asset, but is not essential. The President must be in Third or Fourth Year during his term of office (i.e. third year now).

Vice President: Administration

The V.P. Admin. is responsible for

overseeing all financial and administrative affairs of the Society, including the Engineering Stores. He acts as an assistant to the President.

Vice President: Activities

The V.P. Activities is responsible for overseeing all cultural, technical, educational, athletic and social activities of the Society. This person should act as a catalyst to various Committees, making sure that things happen. This is a position for a person with lots of energy, enthusiasm and organizational talents. Being in Toronto over the summer would be helpful since the V.P. Activities co-ordinates the Summer Nights Orientation program.

Treasurer

The Treasurer keeps the books and financial records of the Society and reports regularly to Council. Preparing budgets with the V.P. Admin. and keeping a check on Society's finances provide and challenge. As interest or experience in bookkeeping or accounting

is valuable.

Secretary

The Secretary prepares agendas, and takes minutes of all Executive Committee and Council meetings, and is responsible for the maintenance of Society records. This is a less demanding office that provides a great opportunity to learn more about Eng. Soc.

Interested? Why not run? It costs nothing to run, and you have a year of fun, new friends, frustration (just a bit) and great experience to gain. Nominations open Monday, February 12. Forms may be picked up in the Eng. Soc. offices between 8:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. (Ask Jan for one.) The deadline for submitting your complete form (with 26 signatures) is noon, Friday March 2. Details of election rules and procedures will be available with the nomination forms.

For more information call the Eng. Soc. offices at 978-2917 or Karen Kennedy at 222-3583.

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